

NICE FOR HIM.

Extract from letter.—“While we were waiting in the drawing-room before dinner, MABEL very thoughtfully asked an immaculate and starched youth with the most perfectly brushed and parted hair—



whether he would mind trying on a Balacava cap he had just completed. She wanted to see “what it looked like on.” Of course he had to cram his head into it—he looked like a cat being forced into a stocking—



and you can imagine what he looked like during the rest of the evening.”



“VARIUM ET MUTABILE SEMPER.”

THE above might well be the motto for the Palace Theatre of Varieties and Novelties, open all the year round, which the present deponent recommends to the notice of the alert, experienced, and ever courteous manager, Mr. CHARLES MORTON. A most attractive entertainment is now being given and drawing all London to see it, so that unless you book beforehand or become an early bird for the sake of getting your perch, you will run but small chance of anything but “scarce room for standing, miscalled standing room.” The American Biograph is interesting, exciting, especially the fight of the Spider and the Scorpion—(alas! poor Scorpion!—“habet!”)—exhilarating and encouraging to patriotism. “Hoorah for BOBS!” The portraits of the other Generals are received with more or less enthusiasm, according to the knowledge of the audience. These pictures are varied from time to time as they come in fresh and fresh from the seat of war. An excellent idea this. The earlier portion of the entertainment is very amusing. The two “Mimics,” Mr. MOORE and MARIE DAINTON, are capital. Mr. MOORE should omit his imitation of IRVING, as all his other imitations are really excellent without any exaggeration whatever. His “TREE” is perfect. The educated ponies, Banner and Madison, who get over the “HEDGE” (the name of the coloured genielum with whom they wrestle), are as pretty as they are clever. Wonderful must be the power of M. LEON L. MORRIS as a trainer. Altogether, the show is equal, and in some respects superior, to any previous success at the Palace.

SHAKSPEARIAN NOTE AND QUERY FOR THE LYCEUM.—Was Hamlet married? Not to Ophelia; that is pretty certain. To whom then? Mr. BENSON may be able to solve the question, as “a Constant Theatre Goer” writes to say that “he went to see the first half of Hamlet between two and six” (these are the hours of the day, not the price of his stall), but that “a friend of his,” who visited the Lyceum in the evening, informed him that then “he had seen the Better Half of Hamlet.” Who the “Better Half” was, this gentleman did not mention. Perhaps some one will solve the problem and do it, to adopt the title of an old farce,—“To oblige BENSON.”

“BEN TROVATO,” writing under date, says, “Lord ROBERTS will, of course, be made an honorary Fellow of All Souls’, Oxford, as it is specially expected of such an excellent Fellow that he should be ‘Modder-raté Doctus.’”

MEMS FOR TRAVELLERS ON THE CONTINENT.—First-class abroad is patronised by princes, millionaires, fools, and wise men.

A sight-seeing trip would be far pleasanter without the sight-seeing.



THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

A GENTLEMAN CROSSING A LONDON STREET, A.D. 1900.

“IN A GOOD CAUSE.”

MR. PUNCH's Fund for the Hospital for Sick Children could not be getting along better, thanks to the generous public. We are “thankful,” but we cannot as yet “rest.” Mr. Punch has now ready illustrated “Collecting Cards,” which can be had in packets on application per post-card to



Mr. Punch, 10, Bouverie St., Fleet St., E.C.

Mr. Punch, as the conjurer does, invites every one to “take a card,” fill it up, return it to him at the above address, and “he'll do the rest.”



A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Mrs. A. "IT'S REALLY EXTRAORDINARY! MY NURSE TELLS ME THAT GENTLEMEN ARE ALWAYS STOPPING HER IN THE STREET TO ADMIRE MY LITTLE GIRL."

Mrs. B. "HOW LOVELY SHE MUST BE!"

Mrs. A. "OH, I DON'T KNOW. OF COURSE I THINK HER PRETTY, BECAUSE I AM HER MOTHER."

Mrs. B. "OH, I MEANT THE NURSE, DEAR!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

APART from its literary and historical value, there is a pathetic interest about *From Cape Town to Ladysmith* (BLACKWOOD). Turning over the pages, my Baronite feels the touch of a vanished hand, hears the sound of a voice that is still. It is the last work of one of the most brilliant journalists of the day, who, dying before he was thirty, lived long enough to make world-wide fame. The country is still throbbing with the gladness of the news that Ladysmith is relieved. Young STEEVENS found his relief two months before Lord DUNDONALD rode into the town, the advance guard of BULLER's column. His last work is marked by that closeness of observation, that felicity of illustration, and that wealth of apt phrasing that marked earlier efforts. With vivid touches he carries over land and sea the impressions his quick mind received on the spot. The watchers (and uncompromising critics) of war from the recesses of an arm-chair, imagine that life in a bombarded town must be a breathless experience. "Weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, the whole thing," writes STEEVENS from Ladysmith on Nov. 26. "At first to be besieged and bombarded was a thrill; then it was a joke; now it is nothing but a weary, weary bore. We do nothing but eat and drink and sleep—just exist dismally. We have forgotten when the siege began, and now we are beginning not to care when it ends." This note of drowsy indifference runs through the last chapter, portent of the everlasting sleep closing round the brilliant youth.

To all in search of a thoroughly sensational story, entirely original in incident and plot, save as to one point which is reminiscent of *Called Back*, allow the Baron to recommend *Wiles of the Wicked*, by WILLIAM LE QUEUX (F. V. WHITE & Co.). Whoever takes up this book, if he be of an excitable temperament and impressionable nature, must be prepared to utilise two hours at least of his leisure so as to go through with it at a single sitting, otherwise the mysterious story will get on his brain, to the detriment of all ordinary business which will appear stale, flat, and unprofitable to him, until he has penetrated such secrets as Mr. LE QUEUX, with consummate art, and without any overwriting or waste of words in mere description for description's sake, keeps to himself until the very last two chapters. Now that the Baron has finished it and is "in the know," he feels inexpressibly relieved; yet will it be some time before he succeeds in completely shaking himself free of the impression that he personally has been mixed up, as an innocent agent, of course, in some diabolical plot, and has just escaped from the toils and the Wiles of the Wicked.

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, a keen and safe judge in the literary market, did well to induce Mrs. LYNN LINTON to commence what was designed as a chronicle of her literary life. She died before the task was completed. In a slim volume, HODDER & STOUGHTON publish a few chapters which bear the title of the projected work, *My Literary Life*. They consist chiefly of reminiscences of DICKENS, THACKERAY, GEORGE LEWES, GEORGE ELIOT, and WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Mrs. LYNN LINTON, in looks and manner the model of a kindly-hearted lady, was accustomed when she took pen in hand to dip it in gall. She loved few women and suspected all men. Poor GEORGE LEWES is severely handled, and GEORGE ELIOT does not come off much better. Once Mrs. LINTON lapses into unqualified admiration of the author of *Adam Bede*. It is where, LEWES and GEORGE ELIOT having set up their tent together, she observes that the former "was brought pretty tautly to his bearings." If he went so far as Birmingham to lecture he was under strict orders, which he dared not disobey, to return home the same night. Of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, whom Mrs. LINTON always spoke to and of as "Father," she has enthusiastic admiration, even affection. Particularly she recognizes his deference to women. "He treated them," she writes, "with the high-bred courtesy of his time and school." My Baronite has faint recollection of an episode in LANDOR's domestic career where, the cook having displeased him, he threw her out of the window, and went about for the rest of the day inconsolable, because she had fallen on a bed of violets and, naturally, crushed them. But that is another story. The book is interesting, not less for the insight it permits into the being of the author, than for the side light it throws on the character of others. THE BARON DE B.-W.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A VOICE IN THE AFFAIR.—The affair was GOUNOD's fine work, "*The Redemption*," magnificently given on Ash Wednesday by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall, and the old friend, vocally as powerful as ever, and singing as dramatically, is Mr. CHARLES SANTLEY, whom, with the sweet songstresses ELLA RUSSELL, MAGGIE PURVIS, and LUCIE JOHNSTONE, not forgetting the popular tenor, Mr. BEN DAVIES, whose value was estimated by his being put "above Price"—DANIEL PRICE appears next on the list—Mr. Punch heartily congratulates. "Band and chorus one thousand." Organist, Mr. BALFOUR (how did he get away? Ah, but the House doesn't sit on Wednesday evening; and then this wasn't ARTHUR, but another). The conductor was Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, and, indeed, it requires a strong bridge for this little lot of one thousand, quite a Bridge of Size.

NOWADAYS Khaki, like Motley, is your only wear. Everything is made in Khaki. Every one is wearing or using Khaki! Khaki-doodle-doo!



SPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA. BOERS AND BOARS

Tommy (late from India). "COME ON, BILL! RACE YE FIRST SPEAR FOR 'ARF A PINT!"

A CYCLE OF CRIME.

(Suggested by Professor Lombroso's Article on "The Bicycle and Crime," in the March "Pall Mall Magazine.")

THE trial of Sir JOHN SCORCHAWAY was resumed yesterday at the Central Criminal Court. It will be remembered that the counts of the indictment enumerate twenty-three distinct charges against the prisoner, including murder, burglary, forgery, arson, etc. A good deal of interest was manifested in the proceedings, since the prisoner for many years enjoyed a wide reputation for benevolence and philanthropy.

The first witness called yesterday was the Rev. JOHN SMITHERS. He deposed that he had known the prisoner intimately for fifteen years. During the last ten the prisoner had served as his churchwarden. Had always regarded him as a man of exemplary character. Certainly should consider him incapable even of the least of the offences alleged. In cross-examination, admitted that he had heard rumours of a change in the prisoner's character. Could not swear when such rumours first reached him. Might be after January 1, 1900—could not remember. Thought it was towards the beginning of the year. Was not aware that on January 1 the prisoner had bought a bicycle. (Sensation.) Had he been so,

as a clergyman and his friend, certainly would have warned the prisoner against subjecting himself to this deadly influence. (Slight applause, which was promptly suppressed.)

WILLIAM SPOKETYRE, the next witness, was cautioned before giving his evidence. Admitted that, though an ironmonger by trade, he sold bicycles. Did not deny that he had sold one to the prisoner. The price was, he thought, £5. It was a first-class machine in every way. Pressed as to his reasons for selling it so cheaply, admitted he had heard that his stock had been laid under a sort of curse by a Prof. LUMBEROSO, or some such name. Prisoner rode the machine home. Was told later that prisoner had murdered a policeman and set a house on fire that same day. Took no action in consequence. Had noticed that those who bought his bicycles were usually affected in this way.

Miss MARY SCORCHAWAY, daughter of the prisoner, deposed that until the beginning of this year her father led an admirable life. Much distressed by the change. He seemed to think nothing of a murder or two a week since Jan. 1. For one week had reverted to his better self. In cross-examination, admitted that the bicycle was at the repairer's during that week. (Sensation.) Remembered distinctly the day of its return. In the afternoon the Secretary of the Chimney-

Sweeps' Asylum called. Prisoner gave him £100 in bank-notes for this Institution. Just after the Secretary had left, a boy brought back the bicycle. Prisoner mounted it, and after riding round the garden two or three times, suddenly dashed down the road in the direction the Secretary had taken. An hour later the latter was found with his throat cut and no bank-notes in his pocket. The prisoner seemed particularly cheerful that evening.

After counsel had addressed the court, and his Lordship had summed up, the jury at once found the prisoner Guilty.

In passing sentence, the learned Judge remarked that he felt certain the prisoner's career of crime was due to his fatal indulgence in bicycle-riding. He entreated all who heard him to take warning by this example, and to read the wise remarks of Prof. LOMBROSO on the point. Having regard to all the circumstances of the case, he sentenced the prisoner to two days' imprisonment.

The prisoner enquired anxiously whether he would be allowed to take exercise on the treadmill during this period, but was removed before an answer could be given.

A THEATRICAL MANAGER, WHO HAS GOT THE V.C. THIS YEAR.—Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, by the engagement of that charming actress and singer, Miss VIOLET CAMERON.



MASTER JACK (INSPIRED BY THE ENTHUSIASM OF THE DAY) IS AT PRESENT PUTTING HIMSELF THROUGH A COURSE OF TRAINING, WITH A VIEW TO BECOMING A LANCER IN THE FUTURE.

DON J.'S WAGER IN A NUTSHELL.

An impression of the new piece at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

ACT I.—At the Sign of the Laurels. Revellers revelling. Good deal of Spanish Dancing. Host tells story of eccentric wager.

Host. Yes, a year ago DON LUIS said he would live a worse life than DON JUAN, and to-day they are to meet here and sit at that very table, on those very chairs.

Enter Comendador in black velvet.

Comendador. Disgraceful! I must hear this unobserved.

Host. Then take this chair, Excellency, and put on a mask. Sit to the left.

[Comendador accepts the suggestion. Enter DON DIEGO TENORIO.]

Don Diego. My son is too bad! I must confront him in disguise.

Host. Then take this chair, Excellency, and put on this mask. Sit to the right.

[DON DIEGO adopts the suggestion.]

Great crowd enter ushering in DON LUIS.

Greater crowd enter ushering in DON JUAN.

Both the Dons. Well met. Now let the audience decide which has been the wickedest. [They count up their sins.]

All. DON JUAN has been the greater villain. [Great applause.]

Comendador (rising). You shall never marry my daughter.

Don Diego (rising). I disown you.

Don Juan. Who are you?

Don Diego. Your father!

[The two old men exeunt.]

Don Juan (to LUIS). I will make my wager safer by committing a few more sins. I will steal your betrothed and run away with a novice! [Curtain.]

ACT II. SCENE 1.—A street in Seville. DON JUAN cajoles BRIGIDA, and enters house of LUIS's betrothed.

SCENE 2.—Within the Convent of Calatrava. SOLEDAD discovered before some tapestry on an elaborate scaffolding suggestive of the renovation of the street electric light.

Soledad. I am so innocent.

Enter DON JUAN.

Don Juan. I have come to elope with you by order of your papa.

Soledad. I am so innocent. [They elope.]

ACT III.—A Room in the Palace of DON JUAN. SOLEDAD discovered sleeping innocently.

Don Juan. Do you not hear the wind? Does it not make you love me? Listen to my blank verse. Do you not love me?

Soledad. I am so innocent; and as I am tired—for the convent hours are so early—I want to go to sleep.

Don Juan. Certainly.

[Calls her attendant and bows as she makes her exit.]

Enter Comendador and DON LUIS.

Comendador. You are a villain. I have come to kill you.

Don Juan. Do not fight me. Your daughter is the only good woman I have ever met.

Don Luis. I have come to kill you too.

Don Juan. Oh, very well. [Kills them.]

ACT IV. SCENE 1.—The Pantheon of the Tenorios.

DON JUAN has a nice chat with the Statues of the Comendador and SOLEDAD.

Don Juan. Come to supper.

[The Statue of the Comendador, who must be tired of standing for half an hour in one position, nods acquiescence.]

SCENE 2.—DON JUAN's apartments. Guests revelling. DON JUAN smoking. Enter the Statue of Comendador.

Statue. Here I am. You are going to be killed. [Exit.]

Two Guests (waking up). We have had a bad time. [They kill DON JUAN.]

LAST SCENE.—The Undiscovered Country.

Statue of Comendador (presiding over a supper party of ghosts). I return your hospitality. If you repent before the sand falls through that hour-glass you will be all right.

Don Juan. Thanks. I do repent.

Statue of Comendador. I am heartily glad to hear it. Pray let me shake hands with you! [They shake hands.] And now the statue of my daughter will look after you.

[The Statue does. Curtain.]

ANACREONTIC.

To Boers the Gods have given

To shoot with guns and slay;

The Britons learnt from Heaven

With Lyddite to dismay;

But while through fields white-tented

Bellona flies demented,

What arms have been invented

For woman in the fray?

Dame Nature doth her duty

Towards both great and small,

And she discovered beauty

To arm the weak withal.

And where 's the brave Boer farmer,

Or Briton, wears such armour

As can resist the charmer

Whose beauty conquers all?

DON'T

MAKE Pro-Boer observations in railway carriages, or other public places: it is an unhealthy practice, just at present.

Hum an accompaniment whilst your hostess is singing.

Ask your elderly Aunts if they are "going strong."

Volunteer for the front, if you don't mean to go.

Repeat "dontcherknow" more than half-a-dozen times in one sentence.

Attempt to direct the military operations in South Africa from the recesses of an arm-chair in a West End club.

Claim the authorship of the P. P. C. (Pour prendre CRONJE) joke.

Say what you'd really like to say when the telephone clerk switches you off in the middle of an important message.



AT LAST!

Sir George White. "I HOPED TO HAVE MET YOU BEFORE, SIR REDVERS."

Sir Redvers Buller, V.C. "COULDN'T HELP IT, GENERAL. HAD SO MANY ENGAGEMENTS!"



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Groom (to Nervous Lady, whose Hat has just been blown over the hedge). "BEG PARDON, MISS. WILL YOU 'OLD THE 'OSSES WHILE I RUN AFTER THE 'AT! OR WILL YOU RUN AFTER THE 'AT, AND ME 'OLD THE 'OSSES!"

A REMONSTRANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I observe that in a recent issue you permit yourself to apostrophise the Man in the Street, and profess, in phrases palpably dictated by jealousy, to marvel at his omniscience and infallibility. Sir, the pretence is utterly unworthy, and, if this wonder on your part is not feigned, it can only be because you are ignorant that he whom you satirise was once Lord MACAULAY's schoolboy, and that he has been adding to the sum of his knowledge ever since.

I state the fact because I am one of the band and know it; but if you require proof, look around you. Where else have those schoolboys gone? Do you notice

such profound wisdom as must have marked their ripe age in the Senate? Do you discover it in the Government? Is it in the War Office, the field, or even the domestic circle? By a process of exclusion it is demonstrated it can only be in the street.

True it is that many have sunk from time to time under the insidious attacks of that mysterious disease of which the rapid swelling of the head was symptomatic. True it is that others are less occupied now with the world than with the varying number of fingers on a too frequently studied hand, or with the answers to the problem as to the position of the Hebrew when the light first failed. True it may be that some few, late in life, have

perished in the attempt to learn the *Encyclopædia Britannica* by heart. But after all due allowance being made, enough of us remain to save the nation, or to put it to shame—I regard the expressions as synonymous; and it would better become you, Sir, to render honour and thanks to our great CADMUS than to pretend a sarcastic admiration for the mature development of our jaw. Yours in purple patches,

EX-MACAULAY-SCHOOLBOY.

AN ORCHESTRAL SCORE.

[A New York paper states that "Governor LEARY, of Guam, asks for musical instruments to be sent to him as aids to civilization."]

GOVERNOR LEARY,

Thanks be to you,

Instrument-weary

We learn what to do.

I know a 'cello

Groping for airs,

Played by a fellow

Somewhere upstairs.

I know a cornet

Seeking Lost Chords,

Echo has borne it

Up through the boards.

I know a STEINWAY

Swept by a squall,

Tearing a fine way

Right through the wall.

I know of hurdy-

Gurdies a score,

Turned by some sturdy

Wrists at my door.

These will we spare you,

Happy the while:

Turn them all—dare you?—

Loose in your isle.

Governor LEARY,

Strangely misnamed!

We shall be cheery,

You will be blamed.

THE LAWS OF WAR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Is it not time that some fresh provisions were added to the Geneva Convention? You remember that, quite recently, Lord DUNDONALD's men caught the Boers bathing in the Tugela, and that the latter paid the penalty, by being taken prisoners, for their daring excursion into an unfamiliar element. Now, there are a lot of things that are unfair in modern war, and I consider this to be one. The whole question, I admit, is a thorny one. In the first place, if they had their rights, the Transvaalers ought to have been shot on sight for poisoning the streams by the introduction of their insanitary persons thereto. But let that pass. It was in all probability a first and strange experiment. If we catch the Boers napping, well and good; but to catch them *washing* is another cup of tea.

Your Late Correspondent in South Africa.



THE WAR IN THE NURSERY.

Visitor. "AND HAS BABY BEGUN TO TALK?"

Elsie. "OH, YES; BUT HE CAN ONLY SAY ONE WORD AS YET."

Visitor. "AND WHAT'S THAT?"

Elsie. "BANG!"

L. L. A. A. M.

THE new "League of Liberals Against Aggression and Militarism" might have found a better name. There is a Peace Society, but such a title as that would be much too short for any new association. If the League had added "Bluster" to the things which it opposes, every member of its peaceful flock could have called himself a Llaamb, in a sort of bleating, hesitating fashion. But if it had doubled the M, by adding "Money-making" to "Militarism," the effect would have been much finer. Years ago, in that excellent comedy, *The Colonel*, there was a name just suited to this League, only, unfortunately, the character was connected with "Militarism"—Col. WOOTTWELL W. WOODD, L.L.A.A.M.M.

Double-dealing all Liberals must condemn; doubling, as a military exercise, must be hateful to the new League; double-entry, connected with money-making, should also be denounced. But there is one double thing every member must study—it might do more than plain English has done to explain the objects of the League—and that is, double Dutch. H. D. B.

A PROTEST AGAINST A POSSIBILITY.—SIR,—I see advertised a "St. Paul's Shirt." What next? I don't mean "what next to the shirt," because the answer is evident, according to whether the inner or outer side of the garment be intended. No, I mean, will there be a "St. Peter's Hat," "St. Titus's Trouserings," "St. Barnabas's Boots," and so forth? Yours,

THE LAST OF THE BRACY'S.

COMMITTEE ROOM INTELLIGENCE.—Attending for two hours a meeting as one of the members of a "Standing Committee" is very tiring. A light-hearted witness, requiring some refreshment, requested to be informed what the Standing Committee was "going to stand?" On the reply being given by the chairman that "the Committee would stand—no impudence," witness fainted, and—attained his object.

DRAMATIC DIALOGUE.

First Critic. I went t'other day to see the Shakspearian Sassietty play, the entire Quarto *Hamlet*.

Second Critic. Dry work. But what's the good of a Quart o' *Hamlet* unless the pints are made and taken?

MAKING NOTHING OF IT.—*The Graphic* showed us a picture of the "New Destroyer *Viper*, the fastest ship in the Navy," warranted to travel forty miles an hour. The L. C. and D. and S.-E. Companies, it is said, are going in for some of these *Vipers*, which will cross the Channel in just two-thirds of the time now taken, that is, in three-quarters of an hour from one coast to the other: and it may be reduced to half-an-hour!! At Dover you say, at 12.15, I think I'll lunch at Calais, and having crossed in a *Viper*, there you are *au buffet* at Calais Maritime at one; finished by two; start at 2.15, back again in Dover at three to the moment. [N.B. The above would be *our* arrangement of trains.] At this rate of progression, within a very few years the trip to Calais and back will take just a quarter of an hour, and the journey between Dover and London will be about an hour or so. This will do much on the Brussels' journey and that line of country; while, of course, as the *trajet* to Boulogne will be done in the same space of time, this latter will be "good biz" for Paris and the travellers on French "lines in pleasant places." There won't be time to be ill: "quick transit," not "sic transit."

A LINE FOR "THE PILOT," A WEEKLY REVIEW (*vide Henry the Sixth* (Part 3), Act V., Scene 4).—"For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge" (sixpence), and we hope we may be able to add, several months hence, another quotation from the same play—"Yet lives our Pilot still."

THE CRY FROM THE TRANSVAAL.—Mounts wanted. "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

A DUOLOGUE.

Man in the Street, loquitur:
 'ERE! Wot are yer tryin' ter do, Sir?
 O crikey! It makes me feel queer
 Ter see an ole fossil like you, Sir,
 A-thinkin' as 'ow 'e can steer.
 Ter watch yer is positive rilin',
 An' me an' my mates kinder feel
 We'd like for ter know wheer we're silin',
 O man at the wheel.

Man at the Wheel, loquitur:
 I'll tell you concisely and clearly
 Whatever I happen to know:
 The port we are bound for is merely
 Wherever you wish me to go.
 And if, Sir, you know any better
 Than me, how to reach that retreat,
 I shall look on myself as your debtor,
 O man in the street.

Man in the Street, loquitur:
 'Ere, chuck it! Yer mean yer expec' us
 Ter keep a look-out an' ter show
 The shallers an' rocks as may wreck us—
 Jes' wot yer are paid for ter know?
 If this is in horder, wot's stited,
 Then please will yer kindly reveal
 Wot for yer was ever creited,
 O man at the wheel?

Man at the Wheel, loquitur:
 Those that study the papers—they're rum
 things:
 To read them was never my wont—
 Should surely know more about some
 things
 Than sensible people who don't.
 And as for your following question,
 I frankly confess myself beat;
 I can't even make a suggestion,
 O man in the street.

TO THE EDITOR, WHO MAY COM-
MAND HIM ANYTHING.

Bid me to live, and I will live
 Thy office-boy to be.
 Or bid me write, and I will give
 A ready pen to thee.

A pen as fierce, a pen as kind,
 A pen as broad or free
 As in the whole world thou canst find,
 That pen I'll give to thee.

Bid that pen stay, and it shall stay
 Tory at thy decree,
 Or bid it sweep the Lords away
 And 't shall do so for thee.

I'll write to make the public weep,
 Till cramp lays hold of me,
 When that occurs, I still will keep
 A type-writer for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
 In Little England's key,
 Or call upon our troops to dare
 E'en death to die for thee.

Thou art my views, my brains, my heart,
 The very tongue of me,
 Thou hast command, and only "part,"
 I'll live and lie for thee.



THE LAGGARD.

"HECTOR ALEXANDER MACFAURLANE, YE'RE
 JUST DRIVIN' ME TO DESPERATION!"

COMMON FORMS FOR USE OF FIELD-
CORNETS, ETC.

"TO-DAY, the British attacked the Boer position at — in force. They outnumbered us by — to one, but we repulsed them with terrible loss. After — hours' desperate fighting, they were driven back. Our artillery did great execution. Out of 5,000 British troops engaged, 2,000 were killed and 4,000 wounded: the rest surrendered and were made prisoners" (where needful, alter figures, but always in same proportion as above). "The Boer losses were 1 man (very old) killed, 2 wounded" (here insert any "fancy stroke" as e.g.), "Commandant ANANIASJE lost his valise and a pocket-handkerchief. Whoever will restore the same to him at P. O. Pretoria will receive a reward of 4d."

AS OTHERS SEE US.

["The English attach an importance to sanitation, the pettiness of which may cause us to smile."—*Le Temps*.]

BUT zey are drôles, ces Anglais!
 Zey turn so vite as veal
 Before ze smell ve love so vell
 Vich makes itself to feel;
 Zey sniff, zey say ze vord profane,
 Zey svear, zey cry, "Ze drain, ze drain!"

BUT zey are drôles, ces Anglais!
 Zey do not fear to stew
 In jungles low vere fevers grow
 And snakes and livers too;
 And yet, be'old! zey vill complain
 If zey should smell von leetle drain.

BUT zey are drôles, ces Anglais!
 Zey live, zese 'ardy dogs,
 Sans sun, sans air in London vere
 It always rains and fogs;
 But oh, ma foi! vot rage insane
 If zey should smell von leetle drain!

PRECIOUS POEMS.

VI.—THE PET SNAIL.

I CAUGHT a gentle little snail,
 And trained it up to love me,
 'Twas not a friend to make me quail,
 Nor mentally above me.

This snail was honest, leal, and true,
 Decidedly demure, re-
 -tiring, though to casual view,
 It frothed and foamed with fury.

At breakfast-time upon a plate
 It went through evolutions,
 And executed three or eight
 With wondrous executions.

How happy we were both at lunch
 May not be sung or spoken;
 But now alone my meal I munch—
 My heart of hearts is broken!

At dinner-time it frisked away
 Upon a tray of lacquer;
 But none the dread attack may stay
 When Death is the attacker.

I sing its loss (a bitter pill)
 With sorrowful cadenza;
 I fancy that it caught a chill
 Which turned to influenza.

Alas! I've suffered much, and not,
 As Frenchmen say, a leetle,
 Yet bravely would I bear my lot,
 And try and tame a beetle.

ADVICE GRATIS.—A CHAPERON.—Well, of course, it was not pleasant that the elopement should have taken place when she was under your charge, but her mother seems to have acted in a most intemperate manner. Your explanation that you were dancing all the evening yourself, and were down three times to supper, and had forgotten all about her, should have been accepted as satisfactory.

FOG!

(By a Utilitarian.)

O WONDROUS fog, that gently steals
Upon the wilderness of wheels
And hushes them to rest,
I yearn, at times, to think of thee
As utilised commerciallee,
Unmitigated pest!

May I be there to hail the day
When science says its final say
On utilising waste,
Distilling from the murky air
Some second "Bovril" rich and rare
Of turtle-soupy taste.

O fog! it is too much to hope
That some day thou wilt yield a soap,
And cleanse instead of stain;
But thy "too solid" texture ought
In blocks of fuel, deftly wrought,
To prove our future gain.

I have it now! Thy blacks so nois-
ome as they seem, are choic-
-est carbon, and, some day,
Transmuted by electric power,
These "blacks" shall fall, a brilliant
shower
Of diamonds—hooray!

MASTERPIECES MODERNISED.

VI.—THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

(Revised by R. Le G.-ll-ne.)

THE young man emerged from the Lane of Vigo and wandered over Bodleian pastures where the verdure is flecked with yellow. "The age demands a new *Pickwick*," he murmured; "a *Pickwick* from which all *bourgeois* views of life and foolish banalities have been eliminated. Yes, I will transform this uncouth Beast into a fairy Prince. 'Twill be a pretty Prose-fancy and worthy of a fresh paragraph."

See! the gaitered gentleman approaches. Tarry awhile, good Sir, if, indeed, thou art desirous of attaining a celebrity rarer and more enduring than the vulgar popularity thou once enjoyed among the mob. Give me those spectacles which do but magnify the ineptitudes of the lower middle class and put on these rose-tinted glasses of mine. Through them even the hard things of life become as rose-rock. Lo! I am an adept in the art of literary confections, and know full well how to change the saccharine drops of fancy into rainbow-coloured delicacies far excelling PASCAL'S purest-edible-thoughts. True, this idea of an exchange is not quite original; for I wot that the low, flashy youth ALADDIN participated in a lamp-exchange, and I know (for the very name of GRUNDY is dear to me) that BENJAMIN GOLDFINCH. . . . Yet why excuse myself? What after all is originality but a pose? As for me, my literary youth has known a Sterne up-bringing: I have supped frequently off Lamb and suffered



"YER KNOW, THEM BOERS 'AS BIN STORIN' GUNS AND HAMBITION FOR YEARS!"

from attacks of Quincey. But enough . . . will you? . . . With characteristic good humour Mr. PICKWICK accepted the rose-tinted glasses. Instantly clusters of curls crept over his once bald head; his rotund figure became Apollo-like, and even the gaiters blossomed into beauty. Mr. PICKWICK smiled dreamily and a pucker crept into his Alastor-like brow. "The Pilgrimage," he murmured. "Oh, yes! the Quest of the Brazen JINGLE." He took a parcel from his pocket and looked furtively at its contents. Therein lay a shirt and a pair of socks which once hung sun-kissed upon an hotel clothes-line. He had purchased them—meaning to track the owner—from a youth named TROTTER, to whom they had been given by the miscreant JINGLE. At this moment the Rev. Mr. STIGGINS, from Zion Chapel—a young, Nonconformist

visionary of poetical aspect and advanced social theories—came hurrying along. Unhappily he collided with Mr. *Pickwick*, and as they both wore rose-tinted glasses, their spectacles were shaken off. "Bless my soul!" cried Mr. PICKWICK, regaining his well-known "phiz." Mr. STIGGINS' countenance, moreover, now suggested pine-apple rum rather than poetry. The young man advanced. "Put on your glasses," he cried in disgust. "Just as they were getting on so well," he groaned. At that moment an explosive Wellerism, fired at a distance from a newcomer, hit him full on the brow. Vainly did he try to protect himself with a piece of sugar-candy wrapped up in an epigram. "I cannot withstand that odious cockney," he murmured, then fled to his own particular Star, where he wrote tragic fairy tales with a pen dipped in treacle. A. R.



Sandy McPherson, in a moment of abstraction, put half-a-crown in the collection plate last Sunday in mistake for a penny, and has since expended a deal of thought as to the best way of making up for it.

"Noo I might stay awa' frae the Kirk till the sum was made up; but on the ither han' I wad be payin' few rent a' the time an' gettin' nae guid o' t. Losh! But I'm thinkin' this is what the Meenister ca's a 'releigious defficulty'!"

DIEU ET MON DROIT.

"Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain."

A member of an African firm (in direct communication with the front) advises his partner during the siege of Kimberley.

MODDER camp's by Modder river
(Brother, brother, sell De Beers!);
There the days go idly by,
Hope is sick and like to die—
Brother, should not you and I
Do a deal and bear De Beers?

Northward Magersfontein lies

(Brother, brother, sell De Beers!);
There at dawn our fate was sealed,
Thence at dusk our bravest reeled—
Still the heart-wound might be healed
If we went and beared De Beers!

Tier on tier the trenches front them
(Brother, brother, sell De Beers!);
There our gallant soldiers sleep,
Yet the price we paid was cheap,
There's a harvest yet to reap
If we only bear De Beers.

Ill the wind that blows no vantage
(Brother, brother, sell De Beers!);
Riper yet shall grow the grain
Watered by this ruddy rain,
Ours shall be the future gain,
Ours who boldly bear De Beers.

Nearer yet the cordon closes
(Brother, brother, sell De Beers!);
Famine, fever, flame and all—
Graves below the leaguered wall—
Kimberley is bound to fall,
So are diamonds! bear De Beers!

Later.

Useful news to hand this morning
(Brother, brother, buy De Beers!);
FRENCH is working round the right
Fast and keen for a running fight,
They'll be in to-morrow night—
Now's our chance to bull De Beers!

Take the turning tide of Fortune
(Brother, brother, buy De Beers!);
Ebbing, flowing—either way—
Some of us should make it pay
Snapping profits while we may—
Quick, my brother, bull De Beers!

Shall the sole reward be honour?
Never, never! Buy De Beers!
RHODES will soon be dealing salmon
Round the hungry haunts of Mammon,
Take my tip—it isn't gammon—
God for England! Bull De Beers!
O. S.

WHAT TO DO WITH HIM.

(Suggestions from various quarters.)

A Number of Persons. Send him to the Mauritius.

A Number of Others. Land him at St. Helena.

A Promoter. Obtain his assistance in floating a company.

The Foreign Press. Reinstate him with an army of Continental mercenaries.

An Agent for the Junior Branch of the Profession. Engage him for the Halls.

An Admirer of Pluck. Beg him to sign and return a few autographs.

One in Need. To respectfully solicit a subscription.

A Publisher. Get him to write a History of the War for England and the Colonies, with a special edition for foreign consumption.

An American Citizen. Secure him as a lecturer in connection with a series of dissolving views.

A Leader of Society. Invite him to London and make him the Lion of the Season.

A BIT MIXED.

Landlord of the "Bag of Nails" (to clergyman's Factotum, whose master has gone to a Conservative meeting). I thought your guv'nor was a Radical?

Factotum. So 'e was till the war. Now 'e's a downright Unitarian.



WHO SAID "DEAD"? p





"AWFUL BORE, DEAR OLD CHAP. WAR OFFITH WON'T HAVE ME, THIMPLY BECAUTH MY EYETHIGHT ITH THO DOOTHED BAD!"

SEE-SAW, OR FROM HAND TO HAND.

(Page from a Palmist's Diary.)

Monday. Any number of aristocratic clients. Told their past, present, and future very successfully. Received large cheques, which I sent to the bankers. Dinner, theatre, and supper—all excellent.

Tuesday. Attended an At Home. Plenty of diamonds. Told the fortune of a judge. His Lordship much pleased and amused.

Wednesday. Bad luck. Wet day. Turn of the tide. Falling off in receipts. No invitations.

Thursday. Day of disaster. Bank smashed with all my money. Left absolutely penniless.

Friday. Went back to my old life. Told fortunes in the kitchen. On coming out by the area arrested by the police.

Saturday. Brought before the magistrate. Convicted of fortune-telling. Usual sentence.

Sunday. In chokey.

ALMOST A SINECURE.—The Academy for March 3 says that "Mr. A. B. WALKLEY has been made dramatic critic of the Times." Good, so far. "*Poeta nascitur non fit*," is true also of a critic. A critic is not "made" until he has shown himself a born genius; and thenceforth he is "a made man." It is to be hoped that Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, who is credited by the Academy with "volatile personality," will soon be afforded an opportunity of giving us a "touch of his quality," as at present there is little else going on at the theatres but musical farce, which, if it amuses and pays, calls for no real criticism. For the nonce, the critic's occupation is gone.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, Feb. 26.

—JOKIM, in spite of his cheery name and festive manner, is of all men the most miserable. To-night made clean breast of sorrow before sympathetic House. A trustful and well-to-do country places at disposal of First Lord of the Admiralty a trifle under thirty millions, to be spent within the twelvemonths on the Navy. JOKIM, in voice broken with emotion, confessed to-night that he couldn't spend the money. He had done his best; got up early, gone to bed late; had spared neither himself nor his staff, and had to acknowledge failure. A balance of £1,400,000 the Admiralty couldn't get rid of.

House deeply affected. Not a dry eye in any quarter. As JOKIM, utterly breaking down, stood at the Table silently wringing his hands, JESSE COLLINGS, who ever had a sympathetic heart, broke into a fit of sobbing that completed the un-manning of the House.

After dinner the ofing of the door of the First Lord's private cabin was besieged by sympathetic callers, each anxious to bear their share of JOKIM's infirmity.

Business done.—JOKIM explains Navy Estimates. Pitiful condition of affairs at the Admiralty.

Tuesday.—"What is gas after all?" Mr. LOUGH asked just now in course of windy speech on a Private Bill. Members hilariously laughed, ironically cheered, subsiding in order to hear the point

authoritatively expounded. But Mr. LOUGH was off breathless after some other hare, and the question, like the earlier and more famous one, "What is a pound?" remains unanswered.

House crowded to hear BOB'S Majuba Day despatch from Paardeberg. Afterwards, debate ensuing on so trifling a matter as a year's expenditure of thirty millions on the Navy, the place deserted. Possibly, had there been prospect of a brisk debate on controverted points, the scene would have been more inspiring. What actually happened was the reading of long papers prepared in the seclusion of the study by FORTESCUE FLANNERY and other experts. These, doubtless, full of rich matter in the way of information and counsel. But, in the form adopted for their delivery, the House will have none of them.

So the Admirals, the Captains, and Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER—that Marine of Parliamentary debate, equally at home on sea or land—have the place all to themselves, the Treasury Bench presenting the only approach to a crowded audience. There sat Admiral JOKIM trying against strong access of drowsiness to keep his weather eye open; Captain MACARTNEY wondering if he will ever succeed in worming out of CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES the secret of the pair of spars on which he keeps his white ducks unwrinkled when not in wear; and Lieut. CHAMBERLAIN, who, young and trusting, believes that Admiral FIELD really was at one period of his life at sea, and could now, if he were called

upon, take charge of the steamer to Southend.

Business done.—Vote for men taken in Navy Estimates.

Thursday.—CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, satisfied that Chancellor of the Exchequer was not permitted chivalrously to wrong himself in the transaction whereby Netheravon was purchased by the War Office, lightly turns his thoughts to Kimberley. CECIL RHODES, addressing company of De Beers shareholders, who seem to have been hanging about through the siege, mentioned matter of two millions sterling cleared as recent profits on working of mine. Also, some £167,000 in diamonds lying loosely around. To the CAP'EN's generous soul has occurred idea how nice it would be to distribute these unconsidered trifles among the relieving force! Meaner minds might have said, "Let them take the diamonds"; or, "Hand over to the brave fellows the two millions sterling." The CAP'EN, when he makes up his mind to be generous, goes all the way.

"Let 'em have both," he says, with comprehensive wave of his hooked arm.

That seemed to settle matters. But some preliminaries necessary. Must put up the Government to insist on carrying out the idea. So to-night the CAP'EN, heaving alongside the Treasury Bench, hails the Admiral in command, asks him what he thinks of proposal.

"The effect of the suggestion," PRINCE ARTHUR remarked, in reflective mood, "would appear to be that the difference

between being sacked by your enemies and relieved by your friends would be merely one of form."

House roared with laughter. CAP'EN TOMMY sheered off disgusted with the narrow-mindedness of his fellow men. Here, in a flash, had been born to him a great idea. He claimed no credit; in fact, the millions and the diamonds belonged to the De Beers Company. All he, in a moment of inspiration, had said was, "Give 'em to TOMMY ATKINS." Instead of jumping at the idea, crowning with bays

The period covered, from 1857 to 1872, is one of most important epochs in Parliamentary history. It saw the first Jew seated in Commons; DISRAELI as Leader; Reform Bill carried; the American Civil War fought out, once at least bringing England to verge of battle; the Disestablishment of the Irish Church; the freeing of the Irish land; the Establishment of School Boards; the introduction of Ballot. The reader who goes to the Diary for graphic description of scenes and episodes accompanying these momentous events

that WILKES would be more severely punished if he were not so advertised. Accordingly discharged from custody on paying the fees. But SPEAKER DENISON, a man of regular business habits, had in awful solitude of his study prepared a reprimand. So pleased with its terms that he enters it in his Diary. Here, ghost-like, it pops up, from the grave more than forty years later, when judge and culprit have both passed away.

"I accordingly give you this reprimand," so the solemn address ends,



"THE PRICE OF ADMIRALTY."

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET OF THE LONGSHORE FRATERNITY. (NAVY ESTIMATES.)

(Admiral F-ld, Mr. G-be-n B-w-l-s, Mr. G-sch-n, Mr. M-c-rtn-y, and Mr. A-st-n Ch-mb-rl-n.)

the noble forehead under whose lofty dome it had found birth, he was met by a cheap sneer, and a ribald House rudely laughed.

Business done.—Ladysmith relieved. So is the public mind.

Friday.—A quiet night in Committee of Supply. Took opportunity of reading *Diary of John Evelyn Denison*, written when he was SPEAKER. Like PEPEY'S *Journal*, inasmuch as it was not prepared with view to publication, which makes all the more valuable its contributions to knowledge. Manuscript, like the body of the mistletoe bride, found in an old oak chest; printed a year ago for private circulation; now JOHN MURRAY gives it to the world in handsome volume.

will be disappointed. SPEAKER DENISON watching them from his Chair could not have been unmoved, but very rarely he stops to sketch a mere incident. Whenever he varies his habit it is because it raises some point of order. Nevertheless, incidentally, accidentally, we see the living men of an age now passed—DISRAELI or GLADSTONE, as they "come to my chair," and take counsel on points of order or procedure.

In the Session of 1858, WASHINGTON WILKES was committed to custody of Sergeant-at-Arms for breach of privilege. Intended that he should be brought to Bar and reprimanded by SPEAKER. On further consideration it was shrewdly suspected

"which I trust will carry with it a sufficient caution for the future."

"In order to be reprimanded," SPEAKER DENISON notes, "a person at the bar must be in custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. When not in custody he can only be admonished." Think of that!

A most interesting book. But what does Mr. MURRAY mean by publishing a photogravure of PHILLIPS' painting of a section of the House of Commons—showing the mace on the table, the SPEAKER in the Chair, PAM on his legs addressing the House, DIZZY and his colleagues seated opposite—and labelling it "Lord PALMERSTON'S Cabinet, 1862"? *Business done.*—Money voted for the Fleet.



Y dear Sir," said Professor MURGATROYDE, on the eve of the third day of his visit to his friend Dr. PASSMORE,—"My dear

Sir, although I confess that I should like a further experience of the practical working of your Pantokephalolutron, yet I have seen enough of your discovery to cause me to have faith—yes, some faith, as much faith as a scientific man can acquire in the product of another's research—in its possibilities. Yes, something may come of it."

Dr. PASSMORE was a trifle irritated; he was not a man of genius, but sometimes he was quite as irritable as if he were.

"Don't you think that you have gone too far in eulogy of my discovery?" said he—a few grains of sarcasm were held in solution in his speech, as it were; but of course his brother savant failed to perceive this fact; there was no litmus paper in his tympanum, so to speak; he could not detect the presence of acid without having such a test handy. That was why he pursed out his lips and looked a trifle startled.

"No, no; I haven't said too much," he cried. "I haven't committed myself to any definite opinion. I should not like to be the one to encourage you, Dr. PASSMORE. There's nothing so fatal to a discoverer, as well as to an inventor, as encouragement. Why, he might be led to continue his investigations, and it wouldn't be in keeping with the spirit in which an official of a scientific department of the State discharges his duties to stimulate research. Oh, no; I only admit that your Pantokephalolutron has its possibilities—some possibilities. After ten or fifteen years of departmental hostility, it may be found worth attention."

"I appeal to the mental and not to the departmental investigators," said Dr. PASSMORE, dropping a few more grains of extra acidulated tincture of sarcasm (its symbol is H_2SO_3) into his flow of phrases. "The mental side of a question is, I take it, exactly the opposite to the departmental."

"Well, not exactly the opposite—no, I wouldn't say that they are separated by one hundred and eighty degrees of arc;

but I allow that the angle made by the two, if represented geometrically, would be found considerably greater than a right angle."

"And the word that geometricians employ to designate such an angle is 'obtuse.' It strikes me, Professor MURGATROYDE, that a better word could scarcely be found to describe the attitude of a scientific department."

"Speaking as man to man, I am disposed to assent to that view; but looking at the question from a purely departmental—"

"Well, Sir?"

"Ah, you haven't such a thing as a sheet of foolscap paper in your house, Dr. PASSMORE? It would be grossly irregular on my part to make the attempt to express the opinion of a scientific department except on blue foolscap. An official expression of opinion looks almost foolish on any other sort of paper. But upon blue foolscap—"

"It looks as you say, only with the qualification omitted. Well, Professor MURGATROYDE, it seems pretty clear that I shall have to look for support in my investigations in another direction. The British Biological Department is not likely to advance my interests, although you admit that you have been greatly impressed by my experiments."

"Yes, greatly impressed; that exactly expresses my feeling. I did not commit myself."

"No; but the logical conclusion—"

"My dear Sir, the logical conclusion and the biological conclusion are two separate and distinct conclusions. At any rate, my visit to you has concluded, and it has been a very pleasant visit, I assure you. Your daughter's treatment of the third movement in the *Diamant Noir* suite seems to me to be the most finished performance I have heard for a long time."

"And your official report on my Pantokephalolutron?"

"You may look for the first part of my report in—let me see, this is May, is it not?—yes, I should say about next August twelve-months you may begin to correspond with the department on the subject of the time when you may look for the official report on the Pantokephalolutron."

"I am so glad that you admire my daughter's rendering of the third movement, Professor MURGATROYDE. I feel that the visit with which you have honoured me has not been altogether without results. The dog-cart is at the door, Sir."

The two savants shook hands without any great show of enthusiasm, and parted without any great show of emotion. Professor MURGATROYDE drove off to catch the 4.30 express to London, and his recent host, Dr. PASSMORE, banged every door between the hall and his laboratory on his way to that apartment. He had just come to the conclusion that, although an ignorant fool may be a very irritating person, an ignorant savant is infinitely more mischievous.

The name of Dr. PASSMORE has for a good many years been very greatly respected in England and greatly laughed at in Germany. It would be difficult to say with any degree of precision in which country he was the better known. He had made several scientific discoveries of immense uselessness, and had thus come to be regarded as one of the foremost of modern investigators. He was, happily, independent of his profession, which was that of a doctor of medicine. Indeed, he had never had any need to practise: the death of his father soon after he had obtained his degree had left him with abundant means for pursuing his favourite researches in the laboratory, which he had added to his house in one of the suburbs of Steeplecross.

He had practically lived in his laboratory since the death of his wife, and it was generally assumed by the people of Steeplecross that his only daughter, JOAN, was compelled to lead a very lonely life; for though she was a very lovely girl and an earnest student of music, people said that beauty and music were not enough. It is scarcely necessary to add that, as it was understood that JOAN PASSMORE would inherit the fortune which her mother had left to her, as well as her father's property, more than one youth, to say nothing of several fully-matured householders (male) of the prosperous little town, had from time to time offered to transfer her to presumably more congenial surroundings than were available in her father's house. She had, however, rejected all such hospitable offers; and then people who wished to be cutting alluded to her as a modern young woman.

Others who meant kindly towards her said that she was devoted to her father, and that if it were not for the care she took of him he might lose his reputation as a self-denying scientific explorer by inventing something useful—say, a chemical preservative for milk, or a way of making omelettes without breaking eggs.

Few people were aware of the exact character of the latest of Dr. PASSMORE's discoveries, or they would not have suggested, even vaguely, that his labours did not tend to the amelioration of mankind. The fact was that, after years of study and some thought as well, he had made a discovery, the object of which was to achieve what all philanthropists had aimed at accomplishing from the infancy of the world. In short, he had, by the combination of certain chemicals, succeeded in producing a liquid possessing extraordinary properties.

There was nothing of the philosopher's stone tradition about it. Dr. PASSMORE, having been always well off, would not have wasted an hour of his time over so immoral a project as the transmuting of a noble metal such as iron into a base metal such as gold. It was not a new anæsthetic, nor was it even a hair-dye, or a cure for neuralgia. It was simply a colourless liquid, the application of which to any portion of the body caused a slight indentation similar to one produced by the pressure of a heavy weight, only much more permanent, though not absolutely so.

Like a large number of other valuable discoveries, its property was revealed by accident. A drop of it fell upon the back of Dr. PASSMORE's hand, and as it was not an acid, he disregarded it. To his surprise he found that it produced a slight depression, not merely on the skin, but on the bone beneath as well, and without causing the least pain or even inconvenience.

At first he was more amused than anything else. He let another drop fall on the fleshy part of his arm and the result was precisely the same as before. Then he began to experi-

ment freely on his laboratory assistant, and he found out that the young man was equally susceptible to the influence of the chemical combination. Experimenting on the flesh of one's assistant is quite as fascinating, and certainly less inconvenient, than upon oneself; and Dr. PASSMORE found, after a delightful hour or two, that the liquid only acted when the flesh overlaid a bone or a cartilage, and also that the depth of the impression varied, as one might have expected, in proportion to the duration of the application of the liquid.

Now, the utility of a liquid possessing such a property would not be immediately apparent to many people: the number of ordinary citizens who are anxious to have their bodies dinged, as it were, may be counted on the fingers of one hand; and it was quite a week before his discovery assumed its real proportions in the mind of Dr. PASSMORE—for he brushed aside as inconsequent his assistant's suggestion that it would only be a boon to such persons as were afflicted by warts. It was quite a week before the supreme importance of the liquid as an agent of reform flashed across its discoverer. It was only when he had tried its property upon a specimen skull which he possessed—he was desirous of finding out whether it would work when applied directly to the bone—that he perceived wherein lay the utility of the liquid. He was a biologist, and had for many years accepted the truths of phrenology, and the question was now forced upon him:—

"Why should not I use my discovery for the regulation of the heads of the people?"

It had been demonstrated to his satisfaction by the professors of the science—or is it an art?—of phrenology, that people were not responsible for their own acts: their acts were due to the configuration of their heads. The homicide could not avoid homiciding; he had the homicidal "bump" extravagantly developed. The thief was bound to steal, for he had a "bump" that gave him no rest until he had acquired the property of some one else. The mother who had the organ of "philoprogenitiveness" positively could not refuse to have a sort of fondness for her own children—and so on down the whole of the phrenologist's list of "organs" and "tendencies."

But here was a power which could depress the undue developments of the skull so that the man who was a born murderer could be made to look with the kindest feelings upon his fellow man, even though his fellow man regarded *ISSN* as a dramatist; and in like manner the born thief would not be compelled to become a company promoter in order to legalise his operations. The depression of the "bump" of "philoprogenitiveness" in women would enable them to look on their children with that equanimity which is displayed by other people in contemplating other people's offspring, and perhaps even the fictional output might be made susceptible of regulation by indenting the skulls of the composers of prospectuses, through the agency of the fluid, and not by the means a man of ordinary habits would feel inclined to adopt to effect the same object.

Dr. PASSMORE perceived that he was on the eve of bringing about a work of reform compared with which the aspirations of the greatest philanthropists were insignificant. He was, therefore, somewhat irritated when, on the very day when he first perceived the splendid possibilities of his discovery, his daughter, who had just returned from a visit to London, entered his study, with her face rather inclined to be rosy and her hands somewhat inclined to tear into the very smallest shreds her lace pocket-handkerchief.

He looked up from his desk where he was jotting down a few notes relative to the experiments which he meant to try with his fluid, and enquired what it was she wanted.

"Oh, it is nothing of importance," said she, "I can easily come back again." It seemed as great a relief to her to find her father engaged as it does to one who, on visiting one's dentist, learns that he will be occupied all the day.

"I don't want you to come back again," cried her father rather testily. "Say what you have got to say and have done with it. You see I am very busy."

"Oh, it is really nothing," she said, "only—you know that I have just returned from the COLLINGHAMS'."

"I know that. Good heavens, JOAN! do you fancy that I have no memory for trivial matters? I know that you have returned two days—or is it a fortnight? Never mind, it's one or the other. Well?"

"I only thought that I should tell you that when in London I met—well, a man."

"Bless my soul! a man—a live man! Well, they do have that phenomenon in London, I hear. Is it due to the smoke, do you think?"

"This was a—a—well, a different sort of man, papa."

"Most of them are indifferent."

"He wasn't; at least he wasn't indifferent—to me."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, papa dear,"—here she succeeded in tearing the lace border of her pocket-handkerchief quite clear of the parent fabric,—“he asked me if I would mind marrying him.”

"Heavens above us! The impudent fellow! I hope you sent him about his business."

"Oh, yes, yes—that is—I told him that I would tell you."

"Quite right. And now that you have told me, we may consider the incident closed, as the diplomatists say. Now run away and play with your dolls, my dear."

He returned to his notes, and actually failed to notice that his daughter's face wore that expression which—when it is assumed by pretty girls—is called pouting. JOAN's friends knew that she pouted very prettily, and she thought so too, but she should have known better than to pout for her father. He never saw how piquant was the expression on her face, and after waiting in vain by his chair for half-a-minute or so, she gave an exclamation of impatience and left the room, considerably letting her father know, by the way she closed the door, that she was annoyed at his attitude.

She spent the rest of the afternoon writing a long and despairing letter to a youth named CHARLIE COLLINGHAM, who was the eldest son of the friends with whom she had been staying in London. She entreated this young man to forget her—that would be the wisest course for him to follow, inasmuch as her father would never consent to their union. And two days later she got a letter from Mr. COLLINGHAM, scouting her advice, and thus she was very happy.

And then her father began his series of tests in regard to the fluid to which he had, after some little trouble, given the good working name of Pantocephalolutron.

He found a man in Steeplecross who had been up before the local magistrates for attempting to commit suicide. He had been for eighteen weeks out of work and his children were starving. This man was, Dr. PASSMORE felt assured, the very man to experiment on. He allowed him thirty shillings a week for permitting his organ of self-destructiveness to be touched up daily with the fluid, and the result was to demonstrate its extraordinary power; for not once during the three weeks he was being experimented on did he show the least tendency to suicide. On the contrary, he became extremely cheerful, and was once heard to admit that he had been a great fool to make an attempt on his own life. But at the same time, his newly-acquired optimism caused him to qualify his statement; he said he had found that there were greater fools than himself in the world.

Then he tried it on the dog. His daughter had a fox-terrier, which was all too fond of chasing stray cats. Dr. PASSMORE applied the liquid to its bump of destructiveness, and bought a toy cat which he looked in the room with the dog. In half-an-hour, on opening the door, it was found that, not merely had the dog refrained from chasing the cat, he was actually lying asleep on the rug with his head resting on the cat. His

crowning test, however, was to buy a clockwork mouse for the household cat, after it had been duly tested with the Pantocephalolutron, as to its organ of "sportiveness." So great a change had been effected in the nature of the animal, that it had actually run away from the clockwork mouse at the first click of the machinery.

These experiments were repeated, with some others, on a guinea-pig and a frog in the presence of Professor MURGATROYDE, of the Biological Department, and yet he had not been convinced that he would be justified in recommending the adoption by the State of the Pantocephalolutron as a preventative of crime, for the prevention of pauperdom, or, in short, for the general regulation of all the ill-balanced heads in the community at large.

Two days after Professor MURGATROYDE's visit to Steeplecross, Dr. PASSMORE went to stay with his friend Sir GEORGE COLLINGHAM in London; and when he returned to Steeplecross at the end of the week, his daughter perceived that he was greatly excited about something, but she made no remark on this subject: she knew that her father would betray himself before very long; and she was right.

After dinner on the day of his return he said to her:

"JOAN, my dear, didn't you say something to me the other day about a man—a young man whom you had met in London—a fellow who was impudent enough to want to marry you?"

"Yes, yes," cried JOAN with sparkling eyes. "You have seen him—you know—"

"I have not seen him—I know nothing of him, and I do not wish to hear anything of him," said her father. "No; but the incident suggested an idea to me. You have got to be a big girl now, dear, and you will have a considerable fortune. Now the difficulty of finding a really good husband for you is so great, that I have made up my mind to reduce it to a minimum by making a good husband for you out of some very unpromising materials."

"What on earth do you mean, papa?" she enquired.

"I mean, JOAN, that by the aid of my Pantocephalolutron I can so regulate the brain development of any man that, in the course of a very short time he is bound to become perfect."

"Psha! I don't want that sort of a man for a husband. I prefer one ready made. And in any case, I have promised—"

"I don't care what you have promised. You are a most ungrateful girl, JOAN. Few fathers would go to the trouble that I have been at on your account."

"I did not ask you to go to any trouble. I don't want a husband of your making."

"How can you say until you've considered the matter?"

"One does not want to give any consideration to one's husband."

"That's sheer nonsense, JOAN. A girl's chances of married happiness are altogether dependent upon the phrenological development of her husband's cranium. Now, my Pantocephalolutron is capable of altering the configuration of even so great a young reprobate as CHARLIE COLLINGHAM, so as to make him a model husband."

JOAN gasped, then stared.

"So great a young reprobate as—as—who?" she cried.

"CHARLIE COLLINGHAM," replied her father. "You must have met him more than once when you were staying with the COLLINGHAMS."

"I do believe that I did," said JOAN. "But I have a very bad memory for names. What were you saying about him, papa dear?"

"Well, Sir GEORGE admitted to me that his son had given him a good deal of trouble from time to time. Not that he has any particular vices; it seems that if he were not so shockingly extravagant and so addicted to sport he would be—well, no worse than the average young man."

"But what has all this to do with me?"

"It has everything to do with you, my dear. In short, young COLLINGHAM has shown a most exemplary spirit of self-sacrifice, for in response to my suggestion that he should allow me to experiment upon him with a view of marrying him to you—if the experiment turned out a success—he made scarcely any demur, and—well, he is coming to stay with us to-morrow, and I must insist on your treating him with—with consideration—some consideration."

"Oh, you may be sure that I'll treat him with—well, with some consideration."

JOAN laughed, and her laugh irritated her father.

"I don't like the way you say those words, and I fancy I detect a mocking note in your ill-timed hilarity," said he. "Remember, this is a serious matter. If I find that, after I have made a model husband for you, you refuse to have anything to say to him, I shall—yes, I shall be greatly annoyed. What, is a comparative stranger such as young COLLINGHAM to show a most commendable spirit of self-abnegation for the furtherance of a great scientific discovery, while my daughter—"

"Perhaps I was too hasty, papa. But one does not altogether relish the idea of sacrificing oneself for the advance of science."

"Hundreds of people do so every day. Here is a young man who has hitherto been a spendthrift—a driver of a four-in-hand and a keeper of polo ponies at his father's expense, ready to—"

But at this point JOAN pulled out her handkerchief and hiding her face in its not over-capacious folds, she rushed from the room.

Her father fancied he heard her sob.

But if he had effected his purpose at the cost of only a sob or two he felt that he had no reason to complain. He swore—in his own way, of course—that he would provide his daughter with the most exemplary husband that was ever made for a girl. He would cure young COLLINGHAM of all his follies—nay, he would treat him so as to make it impossible for him ever to commit a foolish act. He would level his "bump" of jealousy so that he would never worry his wife with foolish doubts; he would make a little ditch, so to speak, round about his organ of domesticity, so that it would appear like a hillock at the side of his head, and thus he would never be happy out of his own house. He would pare away every extravagant taste that had been born with him, and he would turn his taste for polo ponies of twelve-and-a-quarter hands into a love for carriage horses of sixteen. In one word, he would make a model husband out of a good-natured spendthrift.

When CHARLIE arrived the next day, Dr. PASSMORE was pleased to see that there was really no marked repugnance in JOAN's reception of him. Could he have seen the pair of them when they were together the moment his back was turned, he would have been confirmed in the belief that his daughter was successfully combating whatever feeling of resentment she might have originally entertained against him. For when a young woman lays her head on a young man's shoulder and allows him to kiss her on her forehead, her cheeks and her chin, it is nearly always safe to assume that, for the moment at any rate, she bears no animosity to him.

"I doubt, Sir, if Miss PASSMORE will ever care anything more for me than she does at present," said young Mr. COLLINGHAM to his host as they parted that night at bed-time. His host noticed that he had smoked four cigars at 150s. the hundred since dinner.

"Nonsense," said Dr. PASSMORE. "Oh, never fear for her. If she doesn't take to you, I'll—I'll mould her into it by the aid of my Pantocephalolotron."

"I wouldn't have her altered, Sir," said the young man quickly. "I think her perfect as she is."

"Good-night," said his host dryly. "We begin our course of treatment after breakfast to-morrow."

And so they did.

The "bump" of extravagance was the first to be dealt with, and before evening, Dr. PASSMORE noticed that his guest declined an *entrée* at dinner, and only smoked three of the expensive cigars afterwards. The next night the improvement was still more marked. Mr. COLLINGHAM came downstairs for dinner wearing the tie which he had worn the previous night, and afterwards he asked his host if he would mind his smoking a pipe instead of a cigar. Cigars were, he declared, a ridiculous extravagance. Of course Dr. PASSMORE had no objection to so marked a demonstration in favour of the Pantocephalolotron. But when, the next day, he was approached by his guest with the enquiry if he, Dr. PASSMORE, would mind allowing him, Mr. COLLINGHAM, say one-and-sixpence daily, for the *entrée* which he did not eat at dinner, and fivepence each (the club price) for the three small whiskies and sodas which he meant to give up drinking in the course of the night, Dr. PASSMORE felt that his triumph was complete, and he cheerfully consented to the suggested allowances, though he felt bound to say that he could not recollect an instance of a host having made such concessions to a guest.

And then Mr. COLLINGHAM took to eating his frugal dinner with his serviette spread over the white front of his shirt, and retaining the napkin in that position for the rest of the evening. He felt, he explained, that, by taking this precaution, he could make the one garment serve for a whole week. This announcement would have shocked Dr. PASSMORE if he had not perceived in it the strongest testimony he had yet received of the efficacy of his specific. But after all, this attempt to perpetrate an economy failed, for the shirt-front got wrinkled and tossed before the evening of the third day; and young Mr. COLLINGHAM was very despondent about it; he wondered if his host had ever heard of shirt-fronts sold separately and fastened on by an elastic band—things that only cost one penny in the washing list. Perhaps these fronts could be obtained, made of paper, for an immediate outlay of one shilling a dozen. That would be admirable, for it would save the initial capital involved in the purchase of movable linen fronts—say, one-and-sixpence each. In the case of linen fronts it must not be forgotten, he said, that one would be obliged to write off a certain sum for depreciation year by year, which meant a dead loss.

When he was going out the next day to enquire about the paper shirt-fronts, he took his host aside and asked him—confidentially—if he could recommend him to any good pawnbroker in the town—who, for instance, was the pawnbroker usually employed by Dr. PASSMORE?

Dr. PASSMORE was astounded, but jubilant. He regretted, however, that he was unable to name any pawnbroking firm with the confidence of an *habitué*.

"The fact is," Mr. COLLINGHAM explained, "I have been wearing for some years a bunch of articles at the end of my chain. Here they are—a match-box, a pen-knife, a tooth-pick, a paper-knife, a pencil case, a cigar case, a cab whistle and an aneroid barometer. They are made of gold and must have cost over a hundred pounds. Well, let us put it down at a hundred. What does that mean? Why, that I have been paying five pounds a year for the privilege of carrying these things about with me! Did you say there was a pawnbroker in Vere Street?"

Dr. PASSMORE went hastily out of the room, leaving his daughter to suggest, if she wished, the advisability of Mr. COLLINGHAM's taking less drastic means of displaying his newly-developed virtue. And she certainly did feel impelled to make a move in this direction.

(Continued in our next.)